

The Bamberg Herald

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One Dollar a Year

COUNTRY NEWS LETTERS

SOME INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS SECTIONS.

News Items Gathered All Around the County and Elsewhere.

Ehrhardt Etchings.

Ehrhardt, May 16.—Viewing the comet and talking about it is all that one can hear on our streets these days. The oldest man that can tell the biggest yarn about what happened seventy-five years ago gets more hearers than any of our preachers, attentive ones.

Our young men are baseball struck now. So far they have crossed bats with Smoaks, Fairfax, and Walterboro, and have been winners. The ladies usually go along with the team to cheer them and make them humble themselves by making the base if they have to slide in through the dust and dry sand. Quite a crowd went with the team to Walterboro. The ladies are all hoarse yet from the cheers—17 to 5 in favor of Ehrhardt. Now the ladies say they want our boys just to make fancy plays enough to win the game when they play late in the week, so their voices will not be hoarse on Sunday and Sunday night, so they can talk to their best fellows in their sweetest tones. Like the cooing of a dove you know.

Some little excitement Sunday night. Some of the darkies remarked: "Have you noticed how dark and smoky it has grown in the last few moments?" Others went out and saw the smoke and made quite a do about it, getting scared all the time. The comet was the cause undoubtedly. Investigation showed that the smoke came from the freight locomotive which was being fired after cleaning and refilling the boiler with fresh water so it would be easier on Monday morning to raise steam.

The comet has taken all the interest away from the railroad project in this section.

The committee has decided to sell the Mt. Pleasant parsonage and lot of fifty acres of land. This is a fine property for some one wanting to buy a nice dwelling and outbuildings and a lot of fifty acres of land near enough to town, and rural route delivers mail and takes same up every day. A fine property, cheap at \$2,500 or \$3,000. Can't be duplicated for the last amount named. Look at it if you are in the market.

Mr. Charlie Brown, of Barnwell, spent one night in town last week on his return from a trip down the country. He had some fine horses and mules with him. Charlie will trade with you. All you have to do is talk up to him.

The closing exercises of Ehrhardt high and graded school will be held on the 26th and 27th instant. On the night of the 26th a play, "The Only Girl," will be given by the pupils. An admission fee of 25 and 15 cents will be charged—money to be used for school purposes. The exercises on the night of the 27th will consist of songs, music on the piano, drills, pantomimes, and declamations. A medal will be given to the best declaimer. Other medals that have been offered and certificates and promotion cards will be given at this time. No admission will be charged to these exercises. The public is invited. JEE.

College Student Found Dead in Bed.

Davidson, May 12.—Samuel O. Fleming, of Laurens, S. C., a senior and one of the most prominent men in the college, died here suddenly today.

Mr. Fleming had for some weeks been in bad health. The senior examinations were going on and he had been working very hard, and it is thought that the overwork caused heart failure. He was left by his room mate, and some friends about 4 o'clock this afternoon in his room where he lay down to take a nap about 7 o'clock. They went to his room as he did not go to supper and found him dead.

Mr. Fleming was one of the most popular and prominent men of the college. He had for several years been one of the honor men of his class and had always taken a very active part in all things pertaining to college life. He was a universal favorite among the students, and so the whole student body is in a gloom. Mr. Fleming was a member of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity.

"OLD TIMER" WRITES.

The Beaver Hat Has Gone and So Has Man.

Wanderer's Rest, May 16.—Correspondent from Jenny's, what is man that, thou art mindful of him? He has lost out, the beaver is about extinct, and the beaver hat of stove pipe height and large dimensions is cast into oblivion and man with them. When man wore large and tall hats then the wife was proud of him. How she smiled when she introduced him to strangers and how he smiled and gracefully bowed to feel that he was thus honored by his spouse, and there were giants in those days noted for politeness and intellect, in fact all that made woman proud of him. Now all is changed. The beaver is gone and beavers alone could furnish the material to make a man out of him. Now he has only a makeshift for a hat as nothing else will take the place of the old time beaver. Thus woman saw her chance and from the little terrapin shell bonnet she has evolved a hat that for size and splendor has so dazzled the eyes of men and filled them with awe that when one honors him enough to be seen riding with him he has to lean far to the right, and all humped over and looks and feels like thirty cents; she sitting erect looking so sweet but stern, as much as to say: "Ah, my time has come. I'll use him." In the old days the fair sex were in mortal dread of a mouse. Now she actually wears rats in her hair. Those days she must have a chaperone. Now she goes forth to conquer and she does. Then she looked up to the man as a statesman, now she looks down in pity on the puny, stoop-shouldered small hat pigmy by her side. How clearly Byron could see when he wrote: "Woman, lovely woman, thou my comforter my all, How cold must be this bosom now, When e'er thy smiles begin to pall." And now the lord of creation sends forth no sound of protest but he humbly bows to his fate and calmly waits for the day when he must tend to the children, keep house, and do all the odd jobs now done by his superior half, with no show for a better day. He will meekly listen to the madam of the future giving him minute orders and directions how and what to do while she goes to the stock exchanges of the great cities of the world or to the klondyke to superintend or inspect some great mining scheme, or to Africa to hunt new diamond fields, or to some great church, State or world conference, to devise some means to make better or more helpful or obedient husbands; and the poor fellow away back at home nursing a sick baby or scalding his hand or blistering his fingers trying to turn a hoe cake, will after getting through the chores for the day go to bed and dream of the absent one and write something like the lines below and head them.

ONLY A DREAM.

Last night I dreamed of you
Thou' you are so far from here,
And in that dream I saw you,
O, tell me are you ever near?

There were no smiles for me dear,
As in the days of long ago,
Only a sad face so pale and white
Was all you had for Joe.

Last night I saw you,
You came silent and grey,
Only one look you gave me,
Then you glided from me and away.

Thus the same old story over,
In this dream I had of you,
The smile you give to others,
The frowns to one that's true.

Last night I saw you only,
Not him that was by your side,
'Twas a dream only, dear one,
And you I do not chide.

Farewell, it was only a dream,
We may never meet again,
I wish you success, sweet heart,
But my heart is filled with pain.

Only a dream of you love,
How sad I feel as I write,
Good bye, a kiss to you, sweet heart,
Good bye and good night.
So now you see where man is soon to be, all because the beaver is gone and man's big hat with him, and as his spouse makes laws or long speeches, or holds the rock and rye or champagne, he is gone, for he took the beaver to make his hats, and left his wife barrel hoops, scraps of all kinds, and odds and ends of silk, and stuck a rooster's tail feather in her hat in derision. Now she beat him at his own game and while he groans over his fate he alone is to blame. But then, man, he loves her still and always will.

OLD TIMER.

The Denmark Realty Company is delivering the goods. Try them if you want to buy or sell real estate or stocks. C. H. MILHOUS, Manager.

IN THE PALMETTO STATE

SOME OCCURRENCES OF VARIOUS KINDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

State News Boiled Down for Quick Reading—Paragraphs About Men and Happenings.

Hilton Smith, city jailer in Columbia, was fatally shot by a negro late Tuesday night while attempting to make an arrest. The shooting occurred near the city hall, three shots taking effect. Blood hounds were put on the trail of the negro.

The scheme to form a new county from portions of Aiken and Edgefield, with North Augusta as the county seat, has been revived again, and last week a petition calling for an election was presented to Governor Ansel. An election on this same proposition was held some years ago.

Commissioner Watson, immediately after the adjournment of the conference at Clemson College, announced the appointment of Mr. W. B. Aull, Jr., of Pendleton, Anderson county, to the position of assistant analyst under the new commercial feedstuffs and seed inspection laws.

The general conference of the Methodist church, South, now in session in Asheville, N. C., finished electing bishops last week. The seven elected are as follows: Collins Denney, Tennessee; John C. Kilgo, South Carolina; W. B. Murrah, Mississippi; W. D. Lambuth, Tennessee; E. D. Houston, Texas; R. G. Waterhouse, Virginia; J. H. McCoy, Alabama.

At a meeting of the State Democratic executive committee in Columbia Tuesday night, Col. Willie Jones, who has been State chairman of the Democratic party for a number of years, was re-elected to this position for the next two years. A schedule of State campaign meetings was also arranged by the committee, and at these meetings candidates for State offices will address the people.

Fire in Lumber Yard.

Century, Fla., May 16.—Five hundred men were thrown out of work and the entire town was threatened by a fire which this afternoon destroyed the plant of Alger-Sullivan Lumber company and several nearby residences. The loss will reach \$500,000. The following were injured: Carey Hall, white, leg broken by jumping from upper story; Cam Browder, badly burned about face and hands in effort to rescue Carey; James Green, burned about face and hands and badly bruised; Thomas Cuyler, seriously burned about body. The plant will probably be rebuilt at once. It was partially insured.

Midway Musings.

Midway, May 16.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor came over from Cameron in their handsome Buick car to spend the last week end with the family of H. B. Murphy and other relatives.

Mrs. S. J. Walker has returned from an extended trip to her son, Dr. Gilmore Walker, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mr. J. B. Smith is working with an insurance company and is out of town this week.

The Baptist Sunday-school gave a most enjoyable picnic at the river on Ascension day. Plenty of ice-cream and good things to eat and everyone enjoyed the day.

We are glad to state that Mrs. H. R. Dunsing, who has been ill, is improving.

Midway school will close on the 10th of June.

Mrs. Metz Herndon, of Bamberg, spent Thursday with Mrs. M. A. Steedly.

Mrs. Lizzie Hughes, of Orangeburg, visited her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Dempsey, last week.

Little Sadie Murphy, who has been quite ill with fever, is improving.

D. M.

Two Children Burned.

Waterloo, May 16.—The home of Tom Cunningham, colored, was burned last night at 10 o'clock, together with two of his children, who were asleep in the house. Cunningham and his wife had gone to church and left the children asleep in the bed. No one seems to know the origin of the fire. Absolutely nothing was saved from the house.

LOST HIS FAITH IN WOMAN.

Uniontown Merchant Will Not Wed Just Now.

Gannon Thomas, 51 years old, a merchant of Uniontown, Pa., who procured a license to marry Carrie Belle Brown, a widow 42 years old, returned the license, saying that it was worthless, as the widow had flown after persuading him to buy her trousseau and advance her goodly sum of money. The courtship covered 12 hours. She said she was going to the hotel, but instead was speeding to Pittsburgh. "I will trust women no more," he added. "One I had to work for me in Uniontown ran away with \$500, but this one has almost broken my heart."

Murillo's Boy.

More than two hundred years ago a little dark-eyed Moorish boy rapped at the door of a stately house in Seville, Spain, and asked if the master was within.

The attendant ushered him into a large room where a grave, sad-looking man was talking to a group of young artists. They were all listening attentively, for the man was the greatest painter of his time—Bartolome Esteban Murillo.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" inquired Murillo.

"I heard you wanted a boy to sweep your room, grind paints, and wait upon you. I have come for the position."

"Well, you can have it, you little monkey. And you can go right to work!"

In this way little Sebastian Gomez was introduced into the studio of the great Murillo. He remained there until he was fifteen years old, doing all the odd jobs for the painter and his pupils, and taken very little notice of by any of them.

There were a dozen or more of these young painters studying under Murillo—gay, showy fellows, and disposed to be somewhat careless in their work. Often the great Murillo was obliged to lecture them sharply for their shortcomings.

One morning, when they had been worse than usual, he scolded them unmercifully. "You can never expect to become painters," he said, "if you do not put more care and labor into your work. Why, Sebastain yonder, who knows nothing of colors, might do better work than some of you."

Murillo intended it for a sharp rebuke, and the young painters so accepted it. Their faces flushed with wounded pride, and they promised to do more efficient work. No one paid any heed to the poor Moorish lad who had heard the words and who was blushing as furiously as some of Murillo's pupils.

The next morning when the pupils assembled, several of them noticed that their pictures were not as they had left them the previous night.

"Hello! who has been here?" cried curly-headed Vincenzo, one of the brightest of Murillo's pupils. "Some one has put a child's head on my canvas, that is none of my work."

"And here is a Virgin's face on mine," said Jose Pareda, the laziest of the school. "Who could have done it?"

Others were exclaiming meanwhile, for every canvas had received a touch of some kind, and it was all admirable.

While they were discussing the matter the door opened and Murillo entered.

"Let me congratulate you; you are improving," said the master, "Why, Pareda, that is very good for you."

"But it is not my work, master," said Jose, falteringly.

"Not yours; whose is it then?"

"That's the puzzle," answered Vincenzo.

And a puzzle it continued to be for several mornings, for the most wonderful things were done by the invisible painter.

"Well, gentlemen, I think this has gone far enough," said the master, "to-morrow morning we will come an hour earlier than usual and see if we can not catch this unknown artist at his work."

Surprised enough were they the next morning to see, seated at one of the pictures, the little "monkey," Sebastian Gomez.

"Who taught you how to paint, boy?" asked the artist.

"You, master."

"But I never gave you a lesson."

"I listened to what you told those gentlemen, and I remembered it."

"Bravo, Sebastian!" cried the school. "You have beaten us all."

"And I have made a painter," said Murillo.—Youth's World.

CONVICTS PERISH BY FIRE

PRISONERS IN ALABAMA—SET FIRE TO STOCKADE.

Thirty-three Burned to Death and Others May Succumb to Injuries Received by Flames.

Centerville, Ala., May 16.—Thirty-five convicts were burned to death at an early hour this morning at the Lucille mines of the Red Feather Coal company, located in Bibb county, 15 miles north of this place. The men were cremated while making desperate efforts to escape from a burning stockade, in which they were confined, and other prisoners were, with great difficulty saved from the same fate.

The stockade was fired by a convict in attempting to escape, and he too met death in flames. Guards of the camp were aroused by cries of anguish from the suffering men, but the stockade burned so rapidly that their efforts to save all inmates were futile. Those who escaped from the stockade, in which about 100 were confined, attempted to escape custody, resulting in one being shot to death. After the fire the stockade site presented a gruesome scene, the ground being covered with baked bodies, while the groans of those injured added to the horror of the scene.

All convicts at the Lucille mine are leased by the State to the Red Feather company, of which H. W. Perry is president and J. H. Taylor superintendent.

Official information is to the effect that 26 men were burned to death and 21, several of whom have since died, were seriously burned. Three white convicts were confined at the camp but it is not known whether these met death. Several guards were slightly burned while attempting to rescue the convicts. State Convict Inspector Hugh has been sent to the scene and the governor has offered aid.

The stockade was fired from the inside, a plan having been formulated to make a general escape. The fire burned more rapidly, it is believed, than the men who set fire to the buildings expected and instead of furnishing a means of escape, the men succumbed to the flames.

The fire was discovered after it had made such headway that the guards and other men who were attracted to the scene had all they could do to get out some of the men who were locked up in the cells, and to prevent those who were released from getting away.

News of the fire spread through Bibb county and other coal companies have gone to the assistance of the Red Feather company. The bodies of the men will be buried on the scene of the conflagration as soon as the company and State officials have made a full investigation into the matter.

Policemen Fight.

Charleston, May 15.—Two police officers were arrested this afternoon on the charge of fighting and conduct unbecoming an officer, preferred by Sergeant Horn. They will be tried by Chief of Police Boyle tomorrow. Immediately upon being arrested they were temporarily suspended, in which status their case will remain until Chief Boyle completes his investigation and rules upon the matter.

The officers were on their way to the station house when the disagreement occurred in which one struck the other with his club.

I have lived for a long time (eighty-one years), and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of man. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured in the sacred writings, that "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little partial, local interests; and our prospects will be confounded; and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, or conquest. I therefore pray to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business.—Benjamin Franklin, in Convention, 1789.

AVANT NOT IN PENITENTIARY.

Officials Believe He, Too, Has Skipped With Bigham.

It seems now practically certain, that both Dr. G. C. Bigham and W. B. Avant have skipped for parts unknown, and that the chances of their ever being returned to the State to serve their three and a half years for the murder of Mrs. Ruth Crisp Bigham at Murrell's Inlet, in Georgetown county, are extremely thin.

The ease with which these prominent white men have glided out of the reach of the officers, after the supreme court's decision affirming their sentence, is causing much comment here and throughout the State. As usual Governor Ansel is non-committal on the matter, but when shown a telegram from Georgetown to the effect that Avant had left Harper's Sunday for the penitentiary, coupled with the information that neither Avant nor Bigham had yet come to the penitentiary, the governor evinced much interest.

A Georgetown special to The Record Tuesday says:

"Avant left Harper's Sunday for the penitentiary. Sheriff Scurry received a wire last night from Superintendent Griffith saying Avant had not reached the penitentiary yet."

Monday morning some one called Superintendent Griffith at the penitentiary over the phone to inform him that Avant would be down to surrender by 11 o'clock, ringing off before the superintendent could ask who was talking. This is the nearest Avant has been to the penitentiary since the supreme court decision.

The conclusion placed on the telephone incident now is that the telephoning was done in order to quiet the penitentiary authorities, that Avant was in Columbia some time Monday and wanted to get a good start out of the State before too much interest was manifested in his whereabouts.

Another curious incident in the disappearance of Avant is the fact that some of the morning papers Sunday carried a story to the effect that Sheriff Scurry had said that he would go to Harper's Monday and arrest Avant.

Clerk Brooks of the supreme court says the remittitur in the case was sent to Georgetown in plenty of time to effect Avant's arrest. It was in Georgetown two days before Avant left Harper's.

The next move in the game will probably be action by the solicitor to estreat the bonds of both Bigham and Avant.

Of course there is still the possibility that Avant may be busy somewhere in the State arranging his affairs and may yet show up at the penitentiary.—Columbia Record, May 17.

HOTEL MAN'S BRAINSTORM.

Pennsylvania Boniface Shot Himself and Wife During a Quarrel.

Pittsburg, May 15.—F. A. Weller, a well known citizen of McKees Rocks and proprietor of the Island Avenue Hotel in that suburb, shot himself and wife during a quarrel at the hotel this afternoon. He died 15 minutes later on the operating table and his wife is lying at a hospital with a painful bullet wound near her left ear. The quarrel is said to have been prompted by Weller's jealousy. Several months ago he ejected forcibly from the hotel a man whom he believed had insulted Mrs. Weller. The offender's skull was fractured but later he recovered. This incident is believed by the doctors to have rather unbalanced Weller's mind.

Weller was 36 years old and his wife is several years younger. She will recover.

Student Knocks Policemen Down.

Athens, Ga., May 16.—Charles Newsom, a student at the university, knocked down two policemen on the campus this afternoon and his arrest by a third was prevented by the interference of the students. Newsom had thrown some water from his window in the dormitory which fell on the officer, who, thereupon, applied unmentionable language to him. Newsom sought out the officer, who admitted using the language, and knocked him down, whereat a second attempted to arrest him, but was also knocked down an embankment. The students interfered and Newsom returned to his room and has not yet been arrested. The students are aroused by an officer having used such abusive language about one of the student body.